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RECOLLECTIONS OF A JOURNALIST.

The retirement of Mr. Godkin from the editorship of the New York "Evening Post" and "Nation" has occasioned deep regret on the part of those who know how valiantly he has been fighting, for forty years or more, in defence of pure government, intellectual sanity, worthy ideals of life and character, and those principles of public policy which made our nation great and may yet save it from the moral disintegration with which it is now threatened. While we must admit that the veteran editor has earned his rest, it is none the less a misfortune that his voice should be silenced, since the struggle to preserve these things which are lovely and of good report in our public life bids fair to become fiercer than ever before, and such inspiration as he has so long given us is needed more than ever in the present dark hour of the Republic. We are not of those who would say that "the struggle nought avail-eth," for our faith is still firm in the potency of moral ideas, and in the certainty of their ultimate triumph; but we should be blind to all the signs of the times did we not realize that the nineteenth hundred of Christian years, so fair to us in the promise of its dawn, is going out in clouded skies. Never were we in such need of soldiers, of leaders—*Ritter vom Geiste*—as at this century-end, when the "forts of folly" loom more grimly than ever upon the view.

"When was age so crammed with menace? madness? written, spoken lies?"

These are the questions asked a few years ago by the wisest poet of our English race, and what he further said of England is still more applicable to America:

"Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known to all;
Step by step we rose to greatness,—thro' the tongues we may fall."

We have been impelled to these reflections by reading the intensely interesting chapter of personal reminiscences which Mr. Godkin contributed a few days ago to the newspaper of which he was so recently the editor. Reading these random jottings, there is brought before

us the contrast between the old and the new, not in journalism alone, but in several other matters which throw light upon the psychology of public opinion. For example, that amazing illustration of the new diplomacy which was offered by Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan manifesto will be fresh in the minds of most readers, and it will be remembered how courageously "The Evening Post" faced the hysterical jingoism evoked by that indefensible act, voicing with no uncertain sound the sober sense of the intelligent in that hour of popular madness. Here is a part of what Mr. Godkin writes of that unfortunate episode:

"I was curious to know what was to be said for this extraordinary step, and, on the chance of finding some argument in its favor in the newspapers, I directed cuttings to be sent to me by Romeike for a month after the explosion. I can say, with literal truth, that, among the hundreds of extracts I received, I did not find a single discussion of the matter. What I did find was principally personal abuse of myself, and abuse of the kind which one usually hears in bar-rooms or on tenement-house stairs. About the highest point reached in it was a story that, every day after the work of the 'Evening Post' office was over, I called the staff together, and we sang 'God Save the Queen' in chorus. It was startling to find that, in a grave crisis, this was the way the American press discharged its duties to its public."

The humor of this discussion — for it has a humorous aspect — is supplied by the fact that only a few years previously the same editor had been assailed with equal violence because he sympathized with the Parnellite agitation, and for that reason had been roundly denounced as a Fenian and "an enemy of the British Empire."

The one thing which our modern politicians cannot understand is the attitude of a man whose activities are based upon fixed principles, which he is unwilling to change at the behest of a frantic popular demand. The shifty politician, with his "ear-to-the-ground" principle of action, has become so predominant a type in our own day that the statesman who really means what he says, dealing sincerely and manfully with his constituents, is commonly regarded with curiosity, as a survival of an outworn way of thinking. Mr. Godkin says:

"I have never become reconciled to the practice of telling your constituents that if they do not like your sentiments they can be changed. The change, for instance, with regard to England has been startling in its suddenness. It occurred about ten o'clock on a summer morning. As a good American, it had for many years been my duty to bring on a war with England if I could, and kill as many Englishmen and damage as much property as possible. On the day in question I

received notice to be friendly with England, without being told why. Even war, which I had been abhorring for twenty years as the amusement of pampered nobles, I now found myself obliged to cherish and foster, as the mother's best friend. I also learned from my friend Capt. Mahan that without a few forts and islands and strong places, which somebody else wanted to take away from us, our old men would go down in sorrow to the grave. I sincerely hope that there may not be many more changes in my lifetime. Few persons are able to stand the rack which this nation has gone through within thirty years, without damage to their moral constitution. No man can maintain that black is white without straining some vital organ."

And yet there must still be many serious men to whom our modern chameleon-statesmanship, which subdues every honest instinct to the base uses of partisanship, remains a thing of horror, and who would rally eagerly about any leader who could be trusted to think for himself, and act in accordance with his convictions. And from many souls in this opportunist age must be reëchoed the Tennysonian call:

"For a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat — one
Who can rule and dare not lie."

Concerning the great change that has come over American journalism during the past generation, Mr. Godkin is in a position to offer expert testimony. The original offender seems to have been the elder Bennett, and we are given this convincing diagnosis of his case:

"Bennett found there was more journalistic money to be made in recording the gossip that interested bar-rooms, work-shops, race-courses, and tenement-houses, than in consulting the tastes of drawing-rooms and libraries. He introduced, too, an absolutely new feature, which has had, perhaps, the greatest success of all. I mean the plan of treating everything and everybody as somewhat of a joke, and the knowledge of everything about him, including his family affairs, as something to which the public is entitled. This was immensely taking in the world in which he sought to make his way. It has since been adopted by other papers, and it always pays. . . . Even crime and punishment have received a touch of the comic. I used to hear, at the time of which I write, that Bennett's editors all sat in stalls, in one large room, while he walked up and down in the morning distributing their parts for the day. To one he would say, 'Pitch into Greeley'; to another, 'Give Raymond hell'; and so on. The result probably was that the efforts of Greeley and Raymond for the elevation of mankind on that particular day were made futile."

There is much food for reflection in the more general paragraph that follows:

"The steady growth of the Bennett type of journalism, which has ever since continued, and its effects on

politics and morals, are now at last patent. In all the free countries of the world, France, America, and Italy, though in a less degree in England, it constitutes the great puzzle of contemporary political philosophy. It is ever substituting fleeting popular passion for sound policy and wise statesmanship. Democratic philosophers and optimistic clergymen are naturally unwilling to admit that the modern press is what the modern democratic peoples call for, and try to make out that it is the work of a few wicked newspaper publishers. But the solemn truth is that it is a display of the ordinary working of supply and demand. Consequently, all discussions of the evils of the press usually end either in a call for more Bible-reading in the schools, or in general despair."

Mr. Godkin tells us how he imbibed his political philosophy from the English liberalism of the fifties, when Mill and Grote and Bentham were names with which to conjure.

"At that period, in England and Ireland, at least, political economy was taught as a real science, which consisted simply in the knowledge of what man, as an exchanging and producing animal, would do, if let alone. On that you can base a science, for the mark of a science is, that it enables you to predict. Since then, what is called political economy has become something entirely different. It has assumed the rôle of an adviser, who teaches man to make himself more comfortable through the help of his government, and has no more claim to be a science than philanthropy, or what is called sociology."

His constant warfare against war, which has been so conspicuous a feature of his editorial activity, received its impulse from actual contact with the fighting of the fifties on the Danube and in the Crimea. It does not take the sight of many battlefields to range a man of ordinary sensibilities against warfare, or to put him in a position to make effective protest against the sophistries by which the practice is defended. One battlefield is described for us, and the description leads to the following comment:

"This, and the scenes in the trenches through which I passed that day, gave me a disgust for war which, during the forty years that have since elapsed, I have never ceased to express whenever an opportunity offered. The doctrine of the inheritance of qualities, which now plays so large a part in the discussions of modern publicists concerning the course of history, inevitably suggests that the fighting instinct which lies latent in the breasts of even the most civilized peoples, must be a legacy from countless generations of remote ancestors, who, even after the dawn of consciousness, must have followed rapine and the murder of strangers as their daily occupation. It is in these things in reality that war consists, in spite of the efforts of the more civilized nations to disguise it by fine names, and to get God mixed up in it. The passion for it, and interest in it, felt by even the more cultivated members of the human race, could hardly be as strong as they still are had they not been infused into the blood by countless generations of savage forefathers. It is a most humiliating thought

that man is the only animal that rejoices in the destruction of its fellows."

This is plain sober truth, and against it no hot-blooded orator, pleading with whatever rhetorical skill he may for the claims of the "strenuous" life, can possibly win his cause in the forum of morals.

We have done little more than hint at the extraordinary interest of Mr. Godkin's autobiographical notes. They ought to be republished in some less ephemeral form, and if the writer could be persuaded to expand them into a running commentary upon the history of the last half-century, while preserving the personal flavor which gives them so peculiar an interest, we have no hesitation in saying that the book thus produced would be one of the most valuable that could possibly be written. It would be a book of sound economics, of acute political criticism, and of ethical weight. It would, moreover, preserve for the next generation the image of a man who has done much for his own, and who deserves the most grateful remembrance from the citizens of his adopted country.

MISSPELLING AND MORALS.

We learn with much regret that the Congregation of the University of Chicago, a semi-legislative body, has cast a small majority of votes in favor of the adoption, in the University publications, of certain eccentric spellings among which "thru" and "program" are typically objectionable examples. This sort of petty tinkering with the English language is absolutely futile, to begin with, and it creates an amount of irritation among cultivated persons which seems altogether out of proportion to the exciting cause, yet which is real enough to react harmfully upon those responsible for the ill-advised innovation. A university is supposed to be a centre of good taste and ripe culture; this exhibition of bad taste and crude culture, as far as it becomes known to the general public, cannot fail to injure the University of Chicago. As an example of a good jest forever, we note that the argument made by the leading advocate of this "reform" was based chiefly upon a quite original theory of the sinister effect which the practice of our historical spelling has upon the character. In other words, the habit of writing "through," for example, creates a predisposition to moral obliquity which may result in making burglars and confidence men of children who would otherwise lead upright lives. To such straits are the advocates of "spelling reform" reduced when called upon to give reasons for the faith that is in them.

The New Books.

THE RISE AND FALL OF MAHDISM.*

We have been agreeably disappointed in Mr. Winston Churchill's rather bulky volumes on the reconquest of the Soudan. Knowing that the author had accompanied the Sirdar's expedition to Khartoum partly as a press correspondent, we were prepared to find in them merely an elaborately garnished *réchauffé* of his letters from the front. Passages from those letters, it is true, are reproduced *passim* in the chapters detailing military operations which the writer saw and shared in as an officer in the Twenty-first Lancers, and these have the merit which the writer claims for them of reflecting the actual impressions of exciting scenes and events. But the letters by no means form the substance or the more valuable portion of the text.

Mr. Churchill's book is a sober and painstaking attempt to write, fully and impartially, and in the light of the best information obtainable, the history of the rise, decline, and fall of Mahdism. In order that the reader may understand and fairly judge this singular and by no means indefensible and purely fanatical movement, and grasp the significance of the more recent and familiar events flowing from it, the author has prefixed to his main narrative a general survey of the history, population, and geography of the Egyptian Soudan. This summary,—which contains a sketch of the Prophet and his lieutenant and successor the Khalifa Abdullahi, an account of the origin, spread, character, and triumph of Mahdism, of the Dervish-Abyssinian war, of Gordon's ill-starred mission to Khartoum, etc.,—occupies five chapters, which we venture to say the unmilitary reader will regard as the most interesting in the book. At any rate, we must warmly commend the liberal and impartial spirit, and the dignified yet spirited style, in which they are written. Chapter V. is devoted to the years of Anglo-Egyptian preparation which resulted in the transformation of the once worthless and derided Egyptian "army" into an effective sword of reconquest which, in the iron hand of Lord Kitchener, was to do such awful, if perhaps in the long run not insalutary, work at Omdurman. That the seed

of civilization must at times be watered pretty freely by the blood of barbarism, seems, if we are to trust history, to be a fact—a painful one enough.

Chapters VI., VII., and VIII. relate the beginnings of hostilities, the demonstrations on the frontier, the taking of Firket, the recovery of the Dongola province. With chapter IX. the main thread of the narrative of the River War proper is taken up. We are, of course, unable to vouch for the technical accuracy of Mr. Churchill's account of the Soudan campaign, but that he has been at great pains to secure it is evident. The graphic force of his descriptions of the several engagements with the Dervishes is undeniable; and we take pleasure in saying that his brilliant account of the battle (if one may so term it) of Omdurman is commendably free from the spirit of national vainglory, and from the jaunty affectation of soldierly callousness to the horrors and perils of the battlefield that disfigures the pages of several of his literary predecessors. Mr. Churchill recognizes the fact that it was with the vanquished, rather than with the victors, at Omdurman that the palm of valor lay; and he concludes:

"But when all this has been said, the mind turns with disgust from the spectacle of unequal slaughter. The name of the battle, blazoned on the colors, preserves for future generations the memory of a successful expedition. Regiments may exult in the part they played. Military experts may draw instruction from the surprising demonstration of the power of modern weapons. But the individual soldier will carry from the field only a very transient satisfaction, and the 'glory of Omdurman' will seem to anyone who may five years hence read this book a very absurd expression."

Such moderation as this may well mollify the critic who might otherwise take a malicious satisfaction in pointing out how signally the bubble of British military prestige blown in the Soudan has now been pricked by the embattled farmers of the Transvaal.

To the Fashoda incident the author devotes a temperate and well-considered chapter. The work concludes with a thoughtful general view of the field already traversed in detail, and some interesting observations are offered touching the present condition and needs of the Soudan, and its possible future. The several Appendices will chiefly interest the military reader.

A word now as to Mahdism. The Soudanese are of many tribes, but there are two main races: the aboriginal natives, or negroes as black as coal, and the Arab immigrants, who

* THE RIVER WAR: AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE RECONQUEST OF THE SOUDAN. By Winston Spencer Churchill; edited by Col. F. Rhodes, D.S.O. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

since the military invasion of the second century of the Mohammedan era have been filtering into the country, and spreading everywhere their blood, religion, language, and ideas. The negroes are the more numerous, but the Arabs form the dominant race. Between these extreme types every degree of mixture is to be found; and in the districts to the north a long period of interbreeding has formed a mongrel but distinct race, which is neither negro nor Arab, but a debased blend of the racial characteristics of both. It is needless to say that the Arab not only thus commingled with his black neighbors and turned them to the faith of Islam, but hunted and harried them and sold them into slavery. Slave-hunting was the great curse of the Soudan, the source of the wealth of the rich and powerful Sheikhs — of men like Zubair, Africa's premier slave-dealer, the "abandoned ruffian" whose aid in 1884 the "Christian hero" Gordon, backed by the British representative in Egypt and by everybody else with a competent knowledge of local conditions, craved, and the Gladstone Ministry, with a fatal and short-sighted purism, spurned.

To the curse of slave-hunting was added that of ceaseless intertribal war; and in 1819 Egypt, determining to avail herself of the disorders in the regions to the south, sent an army of conquest up the Nile, under Mahomet Ali. Organized resistance to the invader was impossible; and to the old darkness of barbarism and internal chaos succeeded the black night of Egyptian misrule. The rapacious Pashas and their cruel and worthless army of forty thousand men settled like locusts upon the already impoverished land, and its few green oases speedily became bare and desolate places like the rest. The substance of the country was drained away to support the imperial pleasures of the Khedives and their corrupt proconsuls. "The government of the Egyptians," wrote Gordon in 1879, "in those far-off countries is nothing else but one of brigandage of the very worst description." The ability of the tribes to meet fiscal extortion depended mainly on their success as slave-hunters. When there had been a good "catch," they could pay; when not, they were harried by the Imperial troops, their scanty means of subsistence were wrung from them, and their women were drafted away to the harems of the Pashas.* The fact that the Egyptian government, nom-

inally a member of the International League against the slave trade, was indirectly its main supporter and beneficiary, dawned upon the European Powers; and in 1874 the Khedive Ismail was forced to appoint Gordon Governor of the Equatorial Province. Then for the first time the Soudanese saw the face of Justice. Gordon broke the league of the slave-dealers, and at the end of 1879 left the Soudan. His reforms had sown the seed of revolution. The Soudanese, embittered by the abominations of Egyptian misrule, had now caught a glimpse of the possibility of better things. Perhaps they had an inkling, too, of the inherent feebleness of the force that had so long held them down. As separate tribal units, they were ripe for revolt; but to the success of a revolt some principle of general cohesion, some common enthusiasm, some dominant cynosural personality to whom all would spontaneously look for light and leadership, was essential. With the necessity came the idea, and the man.

The Shuki belief, prevalent in Nubia, foretold the advent, in a day of special shame and trouble, of a second great Prophet — a *Mahdi* who should lead the people nearer God and restore the ghostly and temporal empire of Islam. Thus, the tribes of the Soudan had been long used to look in anxious inquiry to any ascetic of special repute for sanctity, as to the Promised One, when the fame of a certain holy man, Mohammed Ahmed of Dongola, began, about the period of Gordon's departure, to fill the land. Men spoke of his pious austerities, of his reforming zeal, of his fiery exhortations to the faithful and his bold denunciation of the lax practice of his spiritual chief, of his gifts to the poor, who loudly acclaimed him as "Zahed," or renouncer of carnal joys and material cravings. Pilgrims from afar began to resort to his sequestered retreat, a cave hollowed out in the mud bank of the Nile where he spent his days in prayer and fasting. As his fame grew, and the possibilities of his hold upon the imagination of his countrymen dawned upon him, Mohammed Ahmed emerged from his seclusion and began his apostolate among the more distant tribes. He journeyed preaching through Kordofan, and received the homage of priesthood and people. In fine, by the year 1881 the high repute of Mohammed Ahmed had ripened into a widespread popular conviction (which he took care to foster and which he may even have partially shared) that he was none other than the mystic Expected One, the inspired Mahdi whose mission it was

* "In one district the commander of the troops was carrying off not only the flocks and herds of the natives, but their young girls." (Gordon.)

to purify Islam and lift the Egyptian yoke from the neck of the people. To Mohammed Ahmed there latterly joined himself a crafty and experienced secular adherent and shrewd political adviser, Abdullahi, the future Khalifa.

"The two formed a strong combination. The Mahdi — for such Mohammed Ahmed had already announced himself — brought the wild enthusiasm of religion, the glamor of a stainless life, and the influence of superstition into the movement. But if he was the soul of the plot, Abdullahi was the brain. He was the man of the world, the practical politician, the general."

Then began and ripened apace the great conspiracy which resulted in defeat after defeat of the effete soldiery of the Khedive at the hands of the devoted tribesmen, and eventually in the Egyptian evacuation of the Soudan. With such dramatic and bloody intervening episodes as the rout of Hicks Pasha and the fate of Gordon, every reader is familiar. What is now important to note is that the often misjudged and misrepresented movement called Mahdism was not essentially and originally a mere wild wave of religious fanaticism worked up by an impostor, but the righteous revolt of an oppressed people — of "a people rightly struggling to be free" — against the corrupt rule of an alien tyrant. Says Mr. Churchill:

"Looking at the question from a purely political standpoint, we may say that upon the whole there exists no record of a better case for rebellion than that which presented itself to the Soudanese."

There was, it is plain, a blend of wild and cruel religious fanaticism in the Mahdist uprising, a tincture of imposture in the ways of its Prophet. But the revolt was primarily a political and perfectly justifiable one, and its leader was, as we believe, essentially a patriot. Let us be just to Mohammed Ahmed, who acted in the main conscientiously according to his lights, and who in the day of sore national need and distress lit in the breasts of his scattered and discordant fellow-countrymen a common flame of patriotic and religious enthusiasm that swept them as a resistless unit against the general foe. We find little difficulty in agreeing with Mr. Churchill that,

"If in future years prosperity should come to the peoples of the Upper Nile, and learning and happiness follow in its train, then the first Arab historian who shall investigate the annals of that new nation will not forget, foremost among the heroes of his race, to write the name of Mohammed Ahmed."

The Mahdi did not long live to enjoy his triumphs. A few months after the completion of his campaigns, the God, as Mr. Churchill poetically puts it, "whom he had served, not unfaithfully, and who had given him whatever he asked,

required of Mohammed Ahmed his soul." Then ensued in the land he had purged of the Egyptians the grinding tyranny of the Khalifa, of all the military dominations which have cursed the earth probably, the author thinks, "the worst." For nearly thirteen years the country endured an oppression as grievous as that of the Pashas; but the despotism was indigenous, it had a color of legitimacy, and the people, while they suffered and dwindled, acquiesced. Left to themselves, they might in time have evolved a semblance of a well-ordered state. It is optimistic to think so. But the process of evolution must have been a slow and painful one. As fate willed it, they were roughly thrust by an alien hand into a short cut to the ways of civilization. The Peace of England reigns in the Soudan; as in the days of Gordon, the Soudanese sees the face of Justice. Deploring the necessity of a cruel means to a good end, one may still find it for the best that the Dervish Empire went down in blood and irretrievable ruin at Omdurman.

E. G. J.

THE BOER AND THE BRITON.*

"I have remarked again and again," said the Athenian orator, "that a democracy cannot rule an empire"; and the frankness of the English historians of South Africa shows Great Britain to be as hopelessly inept in governing the clashing peoples of that unfortunate country as in bringing happiness and prosperity to Ireland. This is the first reflection upon reading the extended list of policies abandoned and returned to by British ministries of this or that political complexion, as set forth in the long series of books called forth by the present war between the two little Dutch

* A HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES. Volume IV. South and East Africa. By C. P. Lucas, B.A. New York: Oxford University Press.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT BOER TREK, AND THE ORIGIN OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLICS. By the late Hon. Henry Cloete, LL.D. Edited by W. Brodrick-Cloete, M.A. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND ALLIANCES; or, Britain's Duty to Her Colonies and Subject Races. By Theophilus E. S. Scholes, M.D. London: Elliot Stock.

SOME SOUTH AFRICAN RECOLLECTIONS. By Mrs. Lionel (Florence) Phillips. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

SIDE LIGHTS ON SOUTH AFRICA. By Roy Devereux. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BRITON AND BOER: Both Sides of the African Question. By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M.P., Sydney Brooks, A Diplomat, Dr. F. V. Eagelenburg, Karl Blind, Andrew Carnegie, Francis Charnes, Demetrius C. Boulger, and Max Nordau. New York: Harper & Brothers.

republics and the great British Empire. The second subject for thought lies in the unsuspected points of contact revealed between the history of these republics in Africa and the history of the republic to which we owe our duty in America. The Dutch in the Transvaal are the Dutch of the New Netherland, and the French of the Transvaal are the Huguenots of the Jerseys; their religion is the Puritanism of New England and of the Dutch Reformed Churches of New York; their government is avowedly based upon the Constitution of the United States; even the war of 1778, in which the Dutch lost their title to the Cape, was brought on largely by the treaty of amity entered into between Amsterdam and the revolted provinces of North America, and the British occupation of Natal in 1842 was in part due to the rumored occupation of the port of Durban by the Americans. The third reflection is the sorrowful one that England's success here, inevitable when the potentialities of the two republics and the great empire are considered, is to be brought about through a war which was the sole result of greed and criminal aggression, and when attained will be such a blow to the civilization which demands Christian morality and right-dealing between nations as between individuals, such a striking down of government by consent and the rearing in its stead of government by force, as the modern world has not seen since the partition of Poland. And, finally, since the Dutch are in the great majority in South Africa and are increasing relatively, while the British are in the minority and are decreasing, when victory is at last attained it must stand for one of two things: either Great Britain must grant constitutional government to countries in which the Dutch are dominant, which means that her victory is fruitless; or Great Britain, the exponent of popular freedom, must rule an unwilling white majority by force, with the object-lesson of Ireland before her eyes. In either event civilization suffers, as Anglo-Saxons ought to understand the word.

The first and most inclusive of these recent books is the fourth volume of "A Historical Geography of the British Colonies," by Mr. C. P. Lucas, devoted to South and East Africa. It is a brief academic treatment of the subject, written from a strictly British point of view, but with great impartiality. There is little reflection, and that in the nature of a formal comparison between the British and the ancient Roman empires; while the space devoted to the historical section does not permit any en-

tering into minute detail. A second part of the book is geographical, useful for the statistician and student of current events in British territory, but limited to the colonies under the British flag. Writing fully three years ago, Mr. Lucas proves himself wiser than his government and its military authorities, in such sentences as this:

"To students of military history, South Africa has something to tell. The moral to be drawn from the record of South African fighting is that it is not well to go out in all the approved panoply of European warfare against those who are armed with simple or with savage weapons. We read anew in South Africa the story of David and Goliath, and learn that if Goliath had gone out with something akin to the sling and the stone, he would have done better than when clad in his full suit of armour."

And the essence of the matter is in this, bearing in mind that Britain has involved herself in all her present difficulties in the face of repeated warnings from the loyal people of the Cape and of Natal:

"Where there are still the remains of savagery, where the old is very tenacious and the new very aggressive, where a great dominion and a nation are in making, with diverse elements in diverse stages, it is not only foolish to interpret men and events in the light of our own firesides, it is untrue to the facts and therefore wrong. It is not so much England or the English Government that has made South Africa, as the men on the spot, the English and the Dutch, who have lived and worked in and for the land, who have seen the things whereof we read in Blue Books or newspapers, not in a glass darkly but face to face."

The author of "The Story of the Great Boer Trek," the late Hon. Henry Cloete, was Her Majesty's High Commissioner to Natal, and the latter part of his book tells of the manner in which the British took possession of that territory after distinctly refusing it, and after the Boers had made existence in it possible by conquest of the savage blacks who had kept the present owners of the country out. The first three of the five chapters of the book, however, are devoted to the causes which led to the general emigration of the Dutch, generally known as the Great Trek, and the consequent foundation of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State. They gain in importance from being lectures delivered soon after the event before a mixed audience of Dutch and English in South Africa, by a person who had official connection with the subjects on which he discoursed. It is hardly necessary to go into the details of a matter already sixty-four years old, but it may be said that Cloete has no scruple in holding the British Colonial Office guilty of stupendous blun-

ders, in (1) depriving the settlers of their Hottentot servants, to the detriment of both themselves, the Hottentots, and the country; (2) in taking away their slaves without any pretense at adequate compensation — though that had been promised — and at the beginning of harvest, throwing many families into abject poverty; and (3) in actually upholding the savage blacks in their repeated forays upon the Dutch farmers on the frontier.

Dr. Scholes's large book, "The British Empire and Alliances," is far better described by its sub-title, "Britain's Duty to Her Colonies and Subject Races." Indeed, the only "alliances" mentioned are the natural ties of a common language and a common tradition existing between the various branches of the so-called English-speaking race. This occupies the first chapter of the large octavo. After this, the colonies of the British empire are taken up and described successfully, with considerations of the wars and the commerce and industries which have led to their establishment. Russia, as England's one rival, is dealt with, and with unusual sympathy and discrimination. China follows, as a field wherein Britain and Russia are to display their various talents for organization, with a long essay upon the possibilities of the situation. This brings Dr. Scholes to a fearless and much needed denunciation of the white people in the lands where they come in contact with peoples of a darker skin, the Americans of the Southern United States as well as the English in India and South Africa, for what he asserts to be nothing less than a preposterous assumption of superiority. He arrays the long line of races dominant in the civilization of the earth to show that some of these were African, when Europe was still savage, and to call attention to the brief time which has gone by since barbarians burst forth from the northern forests, to become, by contact with older and cultured peoples, the dominant race of Europe and themselves cultured in their turn. He argues that there is nothing in the present status of the African Negro, as compared with his Caucasian neighbor and fellow-countryman in America or the British colonies, which differentiates him from the German as compared with the Roman of Tacitus; and in the Anglo-Saxon superciliousness and lack of human sympathy he sees an element of weakness which must lead to eventual overthrow. Dr. Scholes goes even further than this, at one point and another in his book, and demands of Europe and Europeanized

America what it is that they have to offer to these nations of a darker skin. He draws a picture in lurid colors, but without exaggeration, when he describes the present situation thus:

"But amid the precepts of peace and love inculcated by theology; the justice and self-sacrifice produced by it in the character of European nations; the security of law; the refinement of art; the culture of literature; the victories of science; and the ease, the comfort, and the splendor of commerce; it remains an indisputable fact that, in jealousy, in avarice, in enmity, in the prodigal waste of treasure, and in the still more appalling waste of life, through bitter and incessant war, Christian and cultured Europe is not one whit behind the darkest and bloodiest of the other continents. Nor was human blood through war shed more freely under Europe heathen, than under Europe Christian; neither has it been shed less in the name of religion than in the name of politics; nor does the present promise less of these calamities in the future, than has been contributed by the past; for, as the promoters and abettors, leaders in science, in art, in merchandise, and in politics; men of birth, men of distinction, men of affluence, all give their wealth, their skill, and their influence, to equip and to support millions of men, to build thousands of battleships, to manufacture terrible missiles and horrible explosives, all for the slaughter of one another."

In conclusion, the author begs America to abstain from joining herself to these powers which are thus rushing on to inevitable destruction; and implores England to abjure further expansion, and find peace and room for all her energies in concentration and consolidation.

Removed from this earnest and philosophical work by a whole heaven, Mrs. Lionel Phillips, wife of the leader of that Reform Committee in Johannesburg which is so largely responsible for much of the present horrors of war, sets down her "South African Recollections" with a candor which is little less than libellous in places and wholly refreshing at all times. She writes of the exploit of Dr. Jameson as the foolhardy insubordination of a reckless and culpably ignorant adventurer, guilty, among other surprising follies, of carrying with him the proofs of his own guilt and the guilt of his fellow-conspirators, among whom her husband was chief. She shows that Jameson deliberately suppressed the orders from the Reform Committee not to advance, in order to shift the consequences of his disobedience from his shoulders to theirs. And she does a great deal more when she openly states that the Englishmen in the Rand who were claiming the right of expatriation were doing it at the behest of the British authorities, though the armed revolution in Johannesburg was to be effected under the Transvaal flag! When Mr. Lionel Phillips, Colonel Rhodes (brother to the Right Hon.

Cecil Rhodes), and the others of the Reform Committee, were arrested for treason and condemned to death, it is small wonder that the burghers felt that the tragedy of *Slachters Nek* in 1816 was being repeated with the nationalities of the actors reversed, and brought forward the very beam upon which their countrymen had been hanged for the very same offence against British authority. But President Krueger was more merciful, and the tragedy would have ended as a comedy had England not failed in her duty to the Transvaal, to herself, and to civilization, in the Jameson verdict. No one can be in doubt, after reading Mrs. Phillips's entertaining book, that the Boer is not the pleasantest person for the Briton to deal with. Thoroughly convinced that the wife of one of the chief sufferers from Dutch obstinacy can be quite dispassionate in her estimate of the burgher character, she inadvertently points out that the present trouble, the trouble in which her husband was involved, and all the other troubles between the British and Dutch in South Africa, are due to a single cause — the very Anglo-Saxon superciliousness of which Dr. Scholes makes complaint in respect of the dark-skinned races. No one, after reading all that Mrs. Phillips has to say, can doubt that the whole case against the Transvaal is bound up in the English taking the desperate efforts which the Transvaal was making for national existence, and the unusual measures she was compelled to adopt for self-protection, to represent the real national life of the republic. Lack of sympathy and comprehension is only too common between diverse nationalities, and both the British and Dutch are reprehensible; but assuredly the chief blame does not fall upon the shoulders of the weaker, the less cultured, and the aggrieved. If the civilization of the English-speaking peoples stands for anything, it should have for its motto some such sentiment as *civilisation oblige*.

Of the same sort is the book, "*Side Lights on South Africa*," from the pen of Miss Roy Devereux. The author, though falling within the sphere of influence of the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, to whom she accords an ungrudging hero-worship throughout the volume, is sincere enough to disclose many of the facts that are not usually brought forward, notwithstanding her intensely British point of view. The dynamite concession, of which so much has been said, is in the hands of the great Nobel trust, for example. The heavy taxation on food products, which is so large a cause of dissatisfac-

tion among the Uitlanders in the Transvaal, is also customary in Rhodesia: Miss Devereux might have added, too, that the taxation upon the gold mines of the Transvaal is no higher than the taxation in Rhodesia. Nor does she mention the fact that the high cost of European provisions in Johannesburg is due quite as much to the tariff exactions of Natal and the Cape Colony as to those of the South African Republic. But we cannot be too grateful for the quotations from the leaders among the Reform Committee in the Transvaal, which prove that the Englishmen, after all, had no desire for the franchise, — quoting, with the rest, Mr. Lionel Phillips to Mr. Beit, when he writes: "I may say that, as you of course know, I have no desire for political rights, and believe as a whole that the community [of Johannesburg] is not ambitious in this respect." Most of Miss Devereux's proofs that government is impossible to the Boer, have a curiously familiar sound to American ears. Johannesburg appears to be badly misgoverned, especially in respect of the liquor laws: for all the world like New York or Chicago. There is a denial of political rights to foreigners — which can be matched by our conduct toward the Chinese or our colored fellow-citizens in the South. There are African outrages to add to the similarity. The Transvaal legislature appears to be amenable to bribery, which brings to mind several of the Northern Senators of the United States, the respectable bribers being, of course, there as here, quite free from the stigma of blame which attaches to the less culpable bribed. Every third burgher is said to receive aid from the state, remindful of the American pension system and the assertions of the protectionists. Miss Devereux does not go into the question of military efficiency as proof or disproof of Boer civilization, though Dr. Scholes shows that to be the most highly developed phase of it in Europe. Nor does she point out that the attitude of England stands without approval from any party in any civilized country in the world, with the exception of the American imperialists, who find in it the best justification of our attitude in the Philippines: a bit of international brotherliness which the British Tory cordially reciprocates. Her book abounds in information, set forth in the sprightly style which the name of "lady-journalist" suggests.

For the American desirous of familiarizing himself with the merits of the two parties in the present war, the essays which make up the

small book called, "Briton and Boer, Both Sides of the South African Question," reprinted from the "North American Review," may be recommended, with the preliminary statement that the case made out in the book is convincingly strong against the Briton. Whether the historian and publicist, the Right Hon. James Bryce, is talking of matters in which he has a peculiar right to be heard as the leading authority upon a question to which he gave his distinguished consideration several years ago; whether Mr. Sydney Brooks is setting forth with some attempt at dispassion the elements in the controversy from both points of view; whether "A Diplomat" is calling Mr. Brooks to account for what he points out to be overstatements in favor of Great Britain; whether Dr. F. V. Engelenburg is summing up the arguments of his countrymen in the Transvaal, or Mr. Karl Blind is speaking as the devoted friend of the England to which he owes so much; whether Mr. Andrew Carnegie voices the thoughts of the American in England, or Mr. Francis Chalmers the thought of a European on the Continent, or Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger the thought of the Continent as interpreted by an Englishman long resident there, or M. Max Nordau speaks as a disinterested cosmopolitan,—all unite in calling this war an act of colossal folly on England's part, of bad faith and worse management, of criminal aggression—in a word, a high crime against civilization. Some quotations from these distinguished gentlemen will prove instructive. Mr. Bryce, whose attitude as a member of the British Parliament is necessarily one of reserve, says:

"There is not, so far as one can ascertain from any evidence yet produced, the slightest foundation for the allegation, so assiduously propagated in England, that there was any general conspiracy of the Colonial Dutch, or that there existed the smallest risk of any unprovoked attack by them, or by the Free State, or by the Transvaal itself, upon the powers of England."

"The Boers very naturally felt that if they had remained quiet till the British forces had been raised to a strength they could not hope to resist, they would lose the only military advantage they possessed. Accordingly, when they knew that the Reserves were being called out in England, and that an army corps was to be sent to South Africa, they declared war, having been for some time previously convinced, wrongly or rightly, that the British government had resolved to coerce them. They were in a sore strait, and they took the course which must have been expected from them, and indeed the only course which brave men, who were not going to make any further concessions, could have taken."

"No one, of course, denies that the war in which

England will, of course, prevail, is a terrible calamity for South Africa, and will permanently embitter the relations of Dutch and English there. To some of us it appears a calamity for England also, since it is likely to alienate, perhaps for generations to come, the bulk of the white population in one of her most important self-governing colonies. It may, indeed, possibly mean for her the ultimate loss of South Africa."

"A Diplomat" raises some interesting questions in the direction of national righteousness. He says, among other things:

"The whole Transvaal issue hinges on one question: Have the Boers the right to govern themselves as they choose; or, rather, have the English the right to interfere with the form of government, administration, and life that the Boers have chosen for themselves? . . . From being applied only to the savage populations of Africa and Asia, the principle of the rights of superior races and civilizations has come, by a steep incline, to mean also that it has reference to countries like the Celestial Empire and the Boer Republic. Between the Zulus and the Boers, what is the difference? Only one of degree. Fine reasoning clears the way for the perpetration of any outrage on the liberty and sovereignty of minor or weak States."

"If the Transvaal State is against the development of commerce and industry on principle, it is within its rights to be so, as much as the United States in adopting the McKinley and Dingley tariffs. . . . The so-called prostitution of the law courts to the whims of the legislature, does not apply to the ordinary dealings of justice in the Transvaal, but to the political situation, which, as we have explained, must be governed by the principle of the safety of the State."

And Mr. Karl Blind strikes at a blunder which has given to many Americans a wrong conception of the entire rights of the case, when he says:

"And here I feel compelled to declare that violence is capped by unbearable cant when the hard-driven Republics, around whom the steel net was daily drawn tighter, are charged with having brought on this hideous war. You drive a man, forsooth, into a corner. You hold your fist before his face. You threaten him by saying that the sand of the hour-glass is running out, and that, unless he makes haste to kneel down, you will use other measures against him. You hold your sword and gun ready to attack him; and then when he strikes a blow, he is, of course, the guilty party!"

It only remains to add, for those who hold that England here stands for civilization, that she is acting neither for her own good nor for the good of those whom she attacks, which divests her act of all semblance of righteousness, but is rather impelled by that mammon which cannot be served and God be served; while the war itself is a denial of the rights of arbitration as of all rights of the weak against the strong, and is notice to the world that Great Britain, having failed to rule through love, is determined to rule by force. If this is Anglo-Saxon civilization, the less the world has of it the better.

WALLACE RICE.

TREES, BROOKS, AND BOOKS.*

If we accept Emerson's definition of the poet as one who has the power to see the miraculous in the common, then "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel" is true poet-work, although addressing the eye in pages of prose. To the average man, vacations taken on horseback with Chicago as the starting-point, and over country roads with little of picturesque and nothing of romantic or historic interest, would seem hopelessly barren both in the doing and in the telling thereof. But not so when Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones is the traveller. Well known in the pulpit and on the lecture platform for his sympathy, his eloquence, his unique and vivid "art of putting things," these same qualities are at their best in describing his experiences in the saddle or by the roadside or in some humble home where he found food or shelter.

The place of honor in these sketches, and the place of honor in the author's heart, is given to the bonny horse "Jess." It is a beautiful idyl of friendship between man and beast, and when the noble creature "goes down to pain and death in her over-sympathetic youth, dying like some quadrepedal Keats, from too much life," her requiem is sung in words as sincere as they are touching.

"The trees and the flowers, the shaded roadside, the happy cattle in the clover fields, the morning song of the birds, the searching and far-reaching cry of the whip-poor-will, the busy, kind human folk, are still left for me in my summer haunts, but I shall ever miss that silent companionship that for four summers went with me over the hills and dales of Wisconsin, through the haunts of busy men, into the solitudes of busier nature. Jess, my companion of many hundreds of miles of happy travel, will accompany me no more in my quest for bodily strength, mental clearness, and spiritual peace. Her elastic step will not disturb the morning dew; her dainty ear will not catch the noonday hum of the reaper; her alert eye will not scan the evening horizon with unfeigned anxiety to find the big barn or the country hamlet that would give us the hearty meal and well-earned slumber of the night. Something has gone out of those hills and valleys, out of the world, never to return. But Jess abides, at least in one heart made more open to fellowship, more tender to suffering, and more quick to feel the woes of all sentient beings."

These sketches being first written and delivered as sermons to a Chicago audience, there is a decided personal touch felt in all of them. But this adds to the interest rather than detracts from it, as the reader follows the author, beholding in him such happy fulfilment of the

old text, "Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee."

Quite a different book, but one also made up of sermons first delivered to a Chicago audience, is "Great Books as Life Teachers," by the Rev. N. D. Hillis. Accepting the fact that our generation reads poems, essays, and novels, rather than text-books on ethics and morals, the author argues that this indicates, not a decline of interest in fundamental principles of right living, but a desire to study these principles as they are embodied in living problems. Fiction being increasingly the medium of amusement and instruction, the great poets and essayists having become the prophets of a new social order, the preacher takes up in turn some of the modern writers in these fields, to show that they are consciously or unconsciously teachers of morals, that their books are essentially books of aspiration and spiritual culture. John Ruskin, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Victor Hugo, Tennyson, and Browning are some of the authors to whom Mr. Hillis turns to find help for those who would live in the spirit. There is no great degree of originality in the line of thought or in the conclusions of these essays; but the author has a pleasant and picturesque style, and a happy gift in the use of illustration and comparison that save the book from triteness and make it "popular" without being trivial. Nearly every subject is treated with regard to its relation to other subjects, the niches being assigned with ingenuity and often with much fitness. For example, a study of "Romola" begins thus:

"After eighteen centuries, the most popular story in literature is Christ's story of the prodigal son, a story that has fascinated the generations, softened the races, and will yet win a wandering world back to its Father's side. If the Bible, with its parables, is the book best loved by men, next to it stands 'Pilgrim's Progress,' more widely read than any other human book. If 'Les Misérables' exhibits the evolution of conscience, 'Wilhelm Meister' the evolution of intellect, and 'The Scarlet Letter' the evolution of pain and penalty, the theme of 'Romola' is the evolution of sin, the peril of tampering with conscience and the gradual deterioration of character."

Books like the two foregoing show how far the modern sermon departs from the old type. The earnest and devout preacher to-day keeps himself in touch with the interests and thoughts of the passing hour. The old-time sermon commonly was either an exposition of dogma or an exhortation to prepare for the life beyond the grave. The modern sermon concerns itself with the purpose to make the most of life here and now, for ourselves and for others. To this

*JESS. BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL. By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co.

GREAT BOOKS AS LIFE-TEACHERS. By Newell Dwight Hillis. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

end, the texts are taken not from one book alone but from any great book, not from some one miraculous event in the long past, but from the daily miracle of nature and the universe that is visible everywhere to him who has eyes to see.

ANNA BENNESON McMAHAN.

RECENT POETRY.*

Mr. Swinburne breaks a longer silence than usual with the publication of his new tragedy in verse. It is now three years since his last volume, "The Tale of Balen," was given to the world, and the fact is painfully suggestive of that slackening of the energies that comes with advancing years. For this poet, the greatest that remains to us, is fast becoming the most venerable also, and we are reminded that his song will not again gush forth with the opulent flow of the past. There already stand to his account upwards of a score of volumes of the noblest poetry to which the English tongue has given utterance; the singer now may well rest content with his renown, and with the solitary eminence which he has achieved. Whatever further gifts he may bestow upon us can add little to the fresh verdure of his laurel-crown. Yet such a gift as "Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards" is no mean addition to our treasury. It is a creation of beauty far beyond the reach of any other man now living, and provides the year just ended with its one book which we may be certain will remain a permanent addition to our literature. The framework of this tragedy may be found in Gibbon. It is the story of that Rosamund, daughter of the Gepidae, who

* *ROSAMUND, QUEEN OF THE LOMBARDS.* A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. *PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.* A Tragedy in Four Acts. By Stephen Phillips. New York: John Lane.

DELUSCAR'S MERRIS, and Other Poems. By Horace Deluscar. London: Gay & Bird.

LAUREL LEAVES. By Robert Wilson. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.

IN CAP AND BELLS. By Owen Seaman. New York: John Lane.

BEYOND THE HILLS OF DREAM. By W. Wilfrid Campbell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A WINTER HOLIDAY. By Bliss Carman. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

NORTHLAND LYRICS. By William Carman Roberts, Theodore Roberts, and Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

WILD EDEN. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Co.

LYRICS OF BROTHERHOOD. By Richard Burton. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

AT THE WIND'S WILL. Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THE MARTYR'S IDYL, and Shorter Poems. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

OUT OF THE NEST. A Flight of Verses. By Mary McNeil Fenollosa. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

VOICES. By Katharine Coolidge. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

espoused Alboin, the slayer of her father. This founder of the Lombard kingdom fell by the hand of an assassin, whose deed was instigated by the treachery of the queen, taking thus a long-delayed vengeance for her father's death. The grim tale was peculiarly fitted to be dealt with by Mr. Swinburne, who has invested it with all the pity, terror, and tragic irony which it demands. One cannot help recalling that another Rosamund was the heroine of Mr. Swinburne's first dramatic work — of what was practically his first poem. The two pieces are thus separated by nearly forty years, and a comparison between them would prove highly instructive concerning the development of the poet's style. This we may not here attempt in full, but certain points of contrast should be indicated, for which purpose the following extracts will suffice. Here speaks the "Rosamund" of 1861:

"Fear is a cushion for the feet of love,
Painted with colors for his ease-taking;
Sweet red, and white with wasted blood, and blue
Most flower-like, and the summer-soused green
And sea-betrothed soft purple and burnt black.
All colored forms of fear, omen, and change,
Sick prophecy and rumors lame at heel,
Anticipations and astrologies,
Perilous inscription and recorded note,
All these are covered in the skirt of love,
And when he shakes it these are tumbled forth,
Beaten and blown! the dusty face of the air."

From the "Rosamund" of 1899 we select this passage:

ROSAMUND.

"Kiss me. Who knows how long the lord of life
May spare us time for kissing? Life and love
Are less than change and death."

ALBOIN.

"What ghosts are they?"

So sweet thou never wast to me before.
The woman that is God — the God that is
Woman — the sovereign of the soul of man,
Our father's Freia, Venus crowned in Rome,
Has lent my love her girdle; but her lips
Have robbed the red rose of its heart, and left
No glory for the flower beyond all flowers
To bid the spring be glad of."

Here is a contrast indeed! The exuberance, the color, the overwrought imagery, the verbal affluence, the Shakespearian diction, of the earlier work have vanished, and in their place we have sheer simplicity of vocabulary, passion intimated rather than expressed, imagery reduced to bare metaphor, and a diction wellnigh shorn of all mannerisms. Noting the vocabulary alone, we find in the later passage only half as many words of more than one syllable as are found in the earlier extract. Here is a still more striking example of the reduction of vocabulary to its lowest terms:

"I take thine oath. I bid not thee take heed
That I or thou or each of us at once,
Couldst thou play false, may die: I bid thee think
Thy bride will die, shamed. Swear me not again
She shall not: all our trust is set on thee.
What eyes and ears are keen about us here
Thou knowest not. Love, my love and thine for her,
Shall deafen and shall blind them."

Here are seventy-four words, of which seventy-one

are monosyllables. Mr. Swinburne has often been charged with a lack of restraint. There is some justice in the charge, although far too much has been made of it. But whatever may be said of his early exuberance, the poem now before us gives evidence that he can upon occasion carry restraint to its extreme. The new "Rosamund" does not readily lend itself to quotation. It is too compressed, too tense, too dependent upon the dramatic situation for illustration by detached fragments. The following passage is as quotable as any:

"Thy voice was honey-hearted music, sweet
As wine and glad as clarions: not in battle
Might men have more of joy than I to hear it
And feel delight dance in my heart and laugh
Too loud for hearing save its own. Thou rose,
Why did God give thee more than all thy kin
Whose pride is perfume only and colour, this?
Music? No rose but mine sing, and the birds
Hush all their hearts to hearken."

The high restraint which characterizes the diction of this drama extends also, by implication, to the demeanor, to the very gesture, of the actors concerned. The brooding storm of passion is felt, rather than heard or seen, but we are not unprepared for the supreme moment in which it breaks. The inevitable fate of both king and queen is so foreshadowed that when it comes upon them in one swift last moment of the action, the spirit is not so much aroused as calmed, and we echo the words with which, as with the final chorus of a Greek tragedy, the outcome is characterized in this single verse,—

"Let none make moan. This doom is none of man's."

Among the younger English poets whose ranks we scan when we would know if there be any to take the places of the great Victorian singers Mr. Stephen Phillips seems to hold out a greater promise than any of his compeers. There are some critics who, should the poet of "Rosamund" be taken from us, would at once raise the cry, "Le roy est mort. Vive le roy!" and would mean by that the transference of their allegiance to the poet of "Paolo and Francesca." It is something of a coincidence that these two noteworthy pieces of dramatic verse should have appeared almost simultaneously, and that the youngest of our poets should find his name linked thus fortuitously with that of our oldest. There is something pleasant to contemplate in the generous enthusiasm which has greeted the work of Mr. Phillips, but a new poet is proclaimed in similar fashion every year or two, and, remembering many other cases of the same sort, the critic who looks before and after will not allow his judgment to be stampeded. We have a high opinion of the quality of Mr. Phillips's work; parts of it are very fine indeed, and none of the younger men exhibit greater promise than is exhibited by the author of "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca." But Mr. Phillips has thus far failed to strike a new note. The initial volumes of Tennyson and Browning and Arnold and Morris and Rossetti did strike new notes, and forced a read-

justment of ideals. The first volume of the "Poems and Ballads" struck a new note so startling in its sonority that those who heard it have hardly yet recovered from the shock. But Mr. Phillips has thus far done excellent things only in the manner of other poets who have preceded him. His "Paolo and Francesca" is a beautiful piece of workmanship, but its beauty comes to us enforced by its associations with the most exquisite episodes of the "Divine Comedy," and even with the reflection of that episode in the tragedy of Silvio Pellico. The poem does not possess a new beauty of its very own. It reaches its climax in the scene which approaches most closely to its original, the scene of the lovers seated together, and reading of "Launcelot how love constrained him." It runs as follows:

PAOLO (*reading*).

"Now on that day it chanced that Launcelot,
Thinking to find the King, found Guenevere
Alone; and when he saw her whom he loved;
Whom he had met too late, yet loved the more;
Such was the tumult at his heart that he
Could speak not, for her husband was his friend,
His dear familiar friend: and they two held
No secret from each other until now;
But were like brothers born"—my voice breaks off.
Read you a little on.

FRANCESCA (*reading*).

"And Guenevere,
Turning, beheld him suddenly whom she
Loved in her thought, and even from that hour
When first she saw him; for by day, by night,
Though lying by her husband's side, did she
Weary for Launcelot, and knew full well
How ill that love, and yet that love how deep!
I cannot see—the page is dim: read you.

PAOLO (*reading*).

"Now they two were alone, yet could not speak;
But heard the beating of each other's hearts.
He knew himself a traitor but to stay,
Yet could not stir: she pale and yet more pale
Grew till she could no more, but smiled on him.
Then when he saw that wished smile, he came
Near to her and still near, and trembled; then
Her lips all trembling kissed."

FRANCESCA (*drooping towards him*).

Ah, Launcelot!"

(He kisses her on the lips.)

The above is only a diluted restatement of Dante. In the following words, placed upon the lips of Paolo, Mr. Phillips comes as near to speaking in his own voice as the subject will permit.

"What can we fear, we two?"

O God, Thou seest us Thy creatures bound
Together by that law which holds the stars
In palpitating cosmic passion bright;
By which the very sun entrals the earth,
And all the waves of the world faint to the moon.
Even by such attraction we two rush
Together through the everlasting years.
Us, then, whose only pain can be to part,
How wilt Thou punish? For what ecstasy
Together to be blown about the globe!
What rapture in perpetual fire to burn
Together!—where we are is endless fire.
There centuries shall in a moment pass,
And all the cycles in one hour elapse!
Still, still together, even when faints Thy sun,
And past our souls Thy stars like ashes fall,
How wilt Thou punish us who cannot part?"

It remains to state that the drama by Mr. Phillips is intended for actual performance, and will be produced at an early date by Mr. George Alexander. It is a promising sign of the times when a literary production of this high order of merit finds acceptance at the hands of practically minded theatrical folk.

In turning from these noble works to "Deluscar's Merris and Other Poems" we turn from poetry to bathos and from the exalted to the commonplace. The volume is a stout one, but a dreary waste to the seeker after beauty. To this writer the modern world is decidedly out of joint. He discourses of it through many pages in the following strain:

"Oh! how it sickens me to read the rot
About those ancient Greek and Roman frauds! —
One of our men could tie ten in a knot,
Out-art their cleverest, choicest sculptured gauds.
Here, if it paid, new Shakespeares would arise —
In his time fortunes were by poets made;
Now individual merit starving lies,
Nothing goes down but sordid, swindling trade."

Although our writer affects the form of the Shakespearean sonnet, it is quite clear that he is no new Shakespeare arisen.

There are noticeable technical defects in the "Laurel Leaves" of Mr. Robert Wilson. The entire octave of one sonnet is built upon the theory that the second syllable of Beethoven bears the accent; quantity is ignored in

"The grand matutinal anthem when the sphere
Was first upon its orbit hurled along."

and an excellent memorial tribute is ruined by the closing verse,—

"Thou noble type of Christian ladyhood."

But in spite of such faults as these, the total impression is pleasing, although the verse is of a sort that almost any cultivated person might have written. The following sonnet "To My Wife" may be selected for our quotation.

"There came upon my soul a sacred awe
When first I won thy maiden tenderness;
My very heart arose in me to bless
All that on earth or sea or air I saw,
And dear to me is still the breath I draw
Through that blest moment, nor is love the less
For all our mingled joy and bitterness
Since first we lived beneath its holy law.

Two little graves are side by side on earth;
Two little stars are added to our skies;
And children's voices ring around our hearth;
And Love, reflected from their kindred eyes,
First Love, springs up again in second birth
And steals the golden key of paradise."

Mr. Wilson's poems are mainly impressions of travel and memorial verses. Among the latter, there is a notable group of sonnets in which the author expresses his love and reverence for Dr. Martineau, to whom the book is dedicated "in memorial of a friendship which has been the consecration of my life and of its poetic aspirations."

Mr. Owen Seaman's new collection of parodies and other humorous pieces, while not quite equal in brilliancy to "The Battle of the Bays," does not

fall far behind that inimitable volume. He is almost entitled to wear the mantle of C. S. C., and that is saying much. Mr. Austin, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Swinburne are among the victims of his good-natured jesting. Which of them is aimed at in the following stanza we do not need to specify:

"For the Silly Season is past and over,
Gone with the equinoctial gales;
That sinuous hoax, the hoar sea-rover,
Curbs the pride of his prancing scales;
And the giant gooseberry misbegotten
Lies in the limbs of all things rotten,
The savour that clings to last year's clover,
The loves that follow the light that fails."

Nor do we need to name the poet parodied in the ode — *apropos* of the *affaire* — which closes thus:

"Like sails of a galleon, rudder hard amorn
With crepitant mast
Fronting the hazard to dare of a dual blast
The intern and the extern, blizzards both."

This, written for an Omar Khayyam Club dinner, is also rather good:

"Master, in memory of that Verse of Thine,
And of Thy rather pretty taste in Wine,
We gather at this jaded Century's end,
Our Cheeks, if so we may, to incarnadine.
"Thou hast the kind of Halo which outstays
Most other Genii's. Though a Laureate's bays
Should slowly crumple up, Thou livest on,
Having survived a certain Paraphrase.
"The Lion and the Alligator squat
In Derviah Courts — the Weather being hot —
Under Umbrellas. Where is Mahmud now?
Plucked by the Kitchener and gone to Pot."

We have the usual contribution of Canadian verse to our present garnering of recent poetry, three volumes being easily entitled to mention. The first of them shall be Mr. Wilfrid Campbell's "From the Hills of Dream." What we like particularly about most of these singers from over the border is their deep sense of natural beauty, their joyous fellowship with woods and meadows, with mountains and skies. Few of our own poets have these qualities in like degree with Messrs. Roberts and Carman and Scott and Campbell, or with the late Archibald Lampman. They offer us an interpretation of nature which, vivid in its realism, is yet intensely spiritualized. How etching-like in its line is such a picture as this:

"I thread the uplands where the wind's footfalls
Stir leaves in gusty hollows, autumn's urns.
Seaward the river's shining breast expands,
High in the windy pines a lone crow calls,
And far below some patient ploughman turns
His great black furrow over steaming lands."

The poem on "September in the Laurentian Hills" will serve further to illustrate our thesis:

"Already Winter in his sombre round,
Before his time hath touched these hills austere
With lonely flame. Last night, without a sound,
The ghostly frost walked out by wood and mere.
And now the sumach curls his frond of fire,
The aspen-tree reluctant drops his gold,
And down the gullies the North's wild vibrant lyre
Rouses the bitter armies of the cold."

"O'er this short afternoon the night draws down,
With ominous chill, across these regions bleak;
Wind-beaten gold, the sunset fades around
The purple loneliness of crag and peak,
Leaving the world an iron house wherein
Nor love nor life nor hope hath ever been."

Equally lovely, although in a far different fashion, is the following tender lyric:

"Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom, and song were rife;
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air
And murmured, 'I am life,'
"Love came at even when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, 'I am rest.'"

Many of Mr. Campbell's poems are of more ambitious flight than those we have quoted, but he finds his truest inspiration in simple scenes and themes. His volume is one to be treasured for its beauty and elevated feeling.

Mr. Bliss Carman has sought alien shores, even those of the Bahamas, for the inspiration of "A Winter Holiday." The book is of the thinnest, and counts only seven numbers in its contents. South Sea islands are pleasant things to think about at this season of the year, and such lines as these are certainly enticing:

"Through the lemon-trees at leisure a tiny olive bird
Moves all day long and utters his wise assuring word;
While up in their blue chantry murmur the solemn palms,
At their litanies of joyance, their ancient ceaseless psalms.
"There in the endless sunlight, within the surf's low sound,
Peace tarries for a lifetime at doorways unrenowned;
And a velvet air goes breathing across the sea-girt land,
Till the sense begins to waken and the soul to understand."

This is pretty, at least, but it is nothing to what Mr. Carman has done in the past, or what we still hope he may accomplish in the future.

Mr. Carman, it is generally known, is a cousin of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, who occupies the foremost place in the group of young Canadian poets. What is not generally known, however, is that poetical talent is the common inheritance of all the Roberts family. The volume of "Northland Lyrics," now before us, gives convincing evidence of this proposition, for it is the joint work of one sister and two brothers of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts. "Beyond the Hills" is a poem by Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald.

"The daffodils fling far the flag of Spring,
Their golden troop the garden-fortress fills,
And bird-throat bugles greet the days that bring
The daffodils.

"Over the hills the Summer comes at last;
But sad the light and sad the laughing rills,
And sad the golden flowers—since he has passed
Beyond the hills."

Mr. Theodore Roberts is the author of a "Lament" inscribed to the memory of Archibald Lampman. We quote the first half of this poem:

"His was not the glory of the shattering of spears;
He did not cross his sword with Death, where scarlet flags
are hurled,
But Death came to him softly, with his dark eyes dim with
tears,
And broke a dream of woodland-ways across a singing world.

"So doff your hats, good poet-men,
No fingers lift the fallen pen!
The sun forgets to mark the time
Without the music of his rhyme."

Finally, Mr. William Carman Roberts bids us select from upwards of a score of his pieces these two stanzas of the lyric, "At the Heart's Cry":

"Till the black-crimson petals of that night
Drew down to the gold vortex of strange dreams
My soul and body, wearied of the fight
Of far ideals and clashing fierce desires,
I was as one struck blind by life's sweet light
And deafened by a myriad singing fires.

"So was I glad when night's deep velvet rose
Closed over me and hid me from myself;
As on my northern hills the first soft snows
From grey skies brooding like an angel's wing,
Compassionate, where the last lorn maple glows,
Blot out all sad remembrances of Spring."

These three lovely poems are fairly illustrative of their fellows. The collection as a whole is a really astonishing exhibition of talent, fine feeling, and melodious utterance. It has a foreword in verse by the brother, and an afterword by the cousin, of the three new poets.

After a silence of several years, Mr. G. E. Woodberry has published a second volume of verse. But "The North Shore Watch" hardly led us to anticipate "Wild Eden." There was in the earlier volume a manner of severe restraint, almost of austerity, and this is replaced in the later one by a wilding note and an outpouring of melodious rapture so free that a new poet seems to address us rather than the old one. The charm of these songs is as great as it is indefinable. Something of the dewy freshness of the Elizabethan music seems to be echoed in these exquisite lyrics, and yet the modern touch—*la maladie de la pensée*—is too evident to make this illusion more than fleeting. But whether the art be old or new, it is well-nigh perfect when it finds such expression as "The Secret."

"Nightingales warble about it
All night under blossom and star;
The wild swan is dying without it,
And the eagle cryeth afar;
The sun, he doth mount but to find it,
Searching the green earth o'er;
But more doth a man's heart mind it—
O more, more, more!

"Over the gray leagues of ocean
The infinite yearneth alone;
The forests with wandering emotion
The thing they know not intone;
Creation arose but to see it,
A million lamps in the blue;
But a lover, he shall be it,
If one sweet maid is true."

This is pure song touched with imagination. The imaginative element is still finer and more marked in such a poem as "The Sea-Shell," of which we quote the closing stanza:

"O mystic Love! that so can take
The bright world in thy hands,
And its imprisoned spirits make
Murmur at thy commands;

As if, in truth, this orb of law
Were but thy reed-hung nest,
Woven by Time of sticks and straw
To house the summer guest;
And so to me the starry sphere
Is but love's frail sea-shell;
O, might she press it to her ear,
What would its murmurs tell!"

Mr. Woodberry's inspiration is his own, as far as this is possible in the case of a writer whose thought is steeped in the work of the older poets. That it should be absolutely unsuggestive of his predecessors would be too much to expect. So we are not surprised to find familiar cadences here and there, the Tennysonian cadence, for example, in these lines:

"O, hidden-strange as on dew-heavy lawns
The warm dark accents of summer-fragrant dawns;
O, tender as the faint sea-changes are,
When grows the flush and pales the snow-white star;
So strange, so tender, to a maid is love."

"Seaward," the long poem which closes the volume, is the one most suggestive of a model, or at least of a recollection. Its first line,

"I will go down to the hoar sea's infinite foam,"
instantly brings to mind Mr. Swinburne's
"I will go back to the great sweet mother,
Mother and lover of men, the sea."

Again and again the suggestion recurs, now of "The Triumph of Time," now of the "Hymn to Proserpine," now of "Hesperia." We find it here,
"Of the flush of the bough, of the fragrance of woods, of
the moan of the dove
Weary—and weary of passion—and thrice, thrice weary of
love!"

And here,
"I will seek thy blessed shelter, deep bosom of sun and
storm,
From the fever and fret of the earth and the things that debase
and deform;
For I am thine, from of old thou didst lay me, a child, at rest
In thy cradle of many waters, and gav'st to my hunger thy
breast."

And yet again here, as the end of the poem is approached,

"Man-grown, I will seek thy healing; though from worse
than death I fly,
Not mine the heart of the craven, not here I mean to die!
Let me taste on my lips thy salt, let me live with the sun and
the rain,
Let me lean to the rolling wave and feel me a man again."

But these suggestions do not mar our enjoyment of "Seaward," which is a very beautiful poem, and, if it could not hope to catch all the music of "Hesperia," it has music enough to remain ringing in our ears as the volume is reluctantly closed and put aside.

Neatness and precision of expression, rather than poetical phrasing, are the characteristics of Mr. Richard Burton's "Lyrics of Brotherhood," a thin volume of mostly short pieces. The following is a typical example:

"A flash of the lightning keen!
And lo! we know that, miles on miles,
The dim, lost land is lying green.
It brings our heart with joy, the whites,
To see that through the thick night-screen
Full many a meadow smiles and smiles."

"A flash from the poet's brain!
The meaning of the many years,
That maze of seemed, grows very plain;
The level lands of gloom and tears
Hint holy heights, turn bright again;
The night a transient thing appears."

Mr. Burton is always a pleasing and thoughtful writer, but philosophy is too apt to usurp the place of song in his verse.

Among the women singers of our country there is none whose work gives more satisfaction than that of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. It is sure to be tender in conception and artistic in finish. If Mrs. Moulton's instrument be a flute rather than a violin, the exquisite purity of its tone is beyond question, although it cannot bestow the rich measure of sensuous delight that other instruments afford. The best flute music becomes monotonous if we hear too much of it at one sitting, and Mrs. Moulton's new volume is not one to be read through at a sitting, but rather one into which to dip when the mood is properly receptive. It is made up of lyrics, sonnets, quatrains, and translations. The sonnets have all the purity of the other pieces, and some measure of richness as well. "At Rest" is a typical example.

"Shall I lie down to sleep, and see no more
The splendid pageantry of earth and sky—
The proud procession of the stars sweep by;
The white moon sway the sea, and woo the shore;
The morning lark to the far Heaven soar;
The nightingale with the soft dusk draw nigh;
The summer roses bud, and bloom, and die—
Will Life and Life's delight for me be o'er?"

"Nay! I shall be, in my low silent home,
Of all Earth's gracious ministries aware—
Glad with the gladness of the risen day,
Or gently sad with sadness of the gloam,
Yet done with striving, and foreclosed of care—
At rest—at rest! What better thing to say?"

We must quote also this exquisite translation of the French verses to which George Du Maurier gave such wide popularity a few years ago.

"Ah, brief is Life,
Love's short, sweet way,
With dreaming's rife,
And then—Good-day!"

"And Life is vain—
Hope's vague delight,
Grief's transient pain,
And then—Good-night!"

There is a marked contrast between the volume just noticed and Miss Guiney's "The Martyr's Idyl, and Shorter Poems." If the tendency of the former was toward a sweetness well-nigh cloying and the gentle melancholy of subdued utterance, the tendency of the latter is rather toward heightened passion and something like asperity of expression. The larger titular poem is a legend from the Acta Sanctorum, dramatically told, and concerned with a "Virgin Martyr" whose story is not unlike that of the Elizabethan tragedy and Mr. Swinburne's poem. Among the shorter poems we find nothing more quotable than the set of sapphics entitled "Charista Musing."

- "Moveless, on the marge of a sunny cornfield,
Rapt in sudden revery while thou standest,
Like the sheaves, in beautiful Doric yellow
Clad to the ankle,
"Off to thee with delicate hasty footstep
So I steal, and suffer because I find thee
Only flown, and only a fallen feather
Left of my darling.
"Give me back thy wakening breath, thy ringlets
Fragrant as the vine of the bean in blossom,
And those eyes of violet dusk and daylight
Under sea-water,
"Eyes too far away, and too full of longing!
Yes: and go not heavenward where I lose thee,
Go not, go not whither I cannot follow,
Being but earthly,
"Willing swallow poised upon my finger,
Little wild-wing ever from me escaping,
For the care thou art to me, I thy lover
Love thee, and fear thee."

This is charming, but not exactly typical, for Miss Guiney's inspiration is mainly spiritual, and religious mysticism is the fundamental note of her song. She is more truthfully represented by this D.O. M. prayer.

- "All else for use, one only for desire;
Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for Thee:
Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,
Impel thou me.
"Delight is menace, if Thou brood not by,
Power a quicksand, Fame a gathering jeer.
Oft as the morn (though none of earth deny
These three are dear),
"Wash me of them, that I may be renewed,
Nor wall in clay my agonies and joys:
O close my hand upon Beatitude!
Not on her toys."

"Out of the Nest," by Miss Mary McNeil Fenollosa, is a volume of graceful fancies and snatches of song, divided about equally between oriental and occidental themes. From the former category we select this invocation to Fujisan:

- "O thou divine, remote, ineffable!
Thou cone of visions based on level sea,
Thou ache of joy in pale eternity,
Thou gleaming pearl in night's encrusted shell,
Thou frozen ghost, thou crystal citadel,
Heart-hushed I gaze, until there seems to be
Nothing in heaven or earth, but thee and me;
I the faint echo, thou the crystal bell."

This accumulation of metaphors is rather effective, and serves well to illustrate the writer's style. Of the occidental pieces (so-called because they are not oriental), the verses entitled "Roses" are as pretty as any.

- "What shall I send to my sweet to-night?
Roses of yellow, or pink, or white?
Gold for her smile, and her sunny hair?
Pink for the flush that her cheeks will wear?
White for her soul, and the secrets there?
"Which shall she lay on her breast of snow?
Is it a prophecy? Weal or woe?
Yellow for gold, and the world's decree!
Pink for a love and its ecstasy!—
White for the robe of a saint to be!
"Strange, how I shrink from the frail design!
'Tis but a fancy, a whim of mine.
Fate does not come at a lover's call,
To lurk in the rose of a girl's first ball.—
I think I'll take violets, after all."

The religious note is dominant in the "Voices" of Mrs. Katharine Coolidge (who is, by the way, a daughter of Francis Parkman), but their tonic (in more senses than one) is a note of joyous acceptance of the whole of life, its buffets no less than its favors. The very first page sounds this clarion call to the soul:

- "Awake! Fear not the perilled heights of strife!
Great love and joy; strong suffering and sin,
With strenuous, upreaching vision, rise
Beyond the veil, lifting us on to win
Possession of the power that purifies;—
Flame leaps to flame, and God hath given thee life!"

Again we are told that

- "Life to know life must pass through shades of death,
Night touches day, and near to heaven is hell.
Sinner or saint then, he who dauntless gives
His heart's blood to the world, supremely lives."

And still again we read:

- "Give thanks to Life if thou art tempest-hurled
Through the abyss to feel the pulsing world!
Of joy and pain reborn, thy life shall be,—
The boundless silence compassing the earth,
The love that blossoms in the springtide's birth,
The vibrant force of the far-shining sea."

In other moods, however, the strenuous spiritual life that is voiced in the foregoing extracts gives place to the plea for quietism, a plea made many times in the course of this volume, and not infrequently with the exquisite grace of these lines to "Dreamland."

- "O holy Hypnos, listen to my prayer:
Touch my closed eyelids with thy magic wand,
That I may seek far bourns of Lethe's land,
And find the key of vision hidden there,
Dreamily drifting through the hazy blue,
To palaces where all that seems is true.

- "There dwell pure spirits of the forms on earth:
The whispered secret of the woods at even,
White flame of stars that glow in highest heaven,
The arcana of the springtide's wonder-birth;
The lily's heart, the rainbow's mystery,
And the deep anthem of the encircling sea."

This volume of "Voices" is characterized throughout by beautiful expression of the higher spiritual sort, as well as by a verse-technique that leaves little to be desired.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Puritan
as colonist
and reformer.*

In the book entitled "The Puritan as a Colonist and Reformer" (Little, Brown, & Co.), Mr. Ezra Hoyt Byington delivers a plain and unvarnished account of the Puritan in the double capacity indicated. This account is appreciative but not extravagant. While making it very clear that the Puritan, in respect to political, civil, and religious freedom, was in advance, and much in advance, of his time, Mr. Byington makes it equally plain that he had his unpleasant limitations. For example, he introduces his account of the treatment of the Quakers and Baptists in Massachusetts with this frank admission: "Among the weaknesses and inconsistencies of the

Puritans, we must place their treatment of those who differed with them. They were very earnest in claiming liberty for themselves, but the majority of them were not willing to concede the same liberty to others." This is the plain fact, and no parading of the extravagancies of the Quakers or of the Baptists can obscure it. Among the best chapters of the book, because the least hackneyed, are those on "John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians," "Jonathan Edwards and the Great Awakening," and "Shakespeare and the Puritans," the first being the best of the three. It gives us a moving picture of the heroic effort made by John Eliot and his associates and compeers to Christianize the Indians of New England, and the utter failure in which, after a period of strong encouragement, the effort ended. The "praying Indians" never recovered from the effects of King Philip's War, in which they were ground between the upper and nether millstones; but there is, we fear, small reason to think that the result would have been different if that war had never been. The chapter on "The Great Awakening" would be better if there were more of it. Some matters should have been included that are not. Much, for example, is laid at the door of the "half-way covenant," but we are not told what the half-way covenant was, and not all of us are theological scholars. Then we think the writer should have made more of his opportunity to show the effect upon practice of fundamental theories in connection with native traits of character. He correctly attributes much of the irreligion prevailing just before the Great Awakening to the extreme form of Calvinistic theology that prevailed, but there is much more in the matter than he has brought out. The chapter on Shakespeare, while in no sense profound, will be informing to many readers, and interesting to still more. The book is a useful contribution to the extensive literature of this great subject.

*Cromwell as
master of the
art of war.*

Lieut.-Colonel T. S. Baldock, R.A., furnishes the fifth volume of the "Wolseley Series," in his "Cromwell as a Soldier" (imported by Scribner). As the title indicates, the work is primarily adapted to the student of military history, or to the ambitious tactician; yet so clear are its accounts of manœuvres even in detail, and so delightful its narrative style, that one unfamiliar with military technicalities may read it with understanding and interest. Preliminary to the real matter, however, a brief outline of the military organization of England before the civil war is given, together with an account of the battles antecedent to Cromwell's appearance upon the field. The bulk of the work is devoted to a careful examination into Cromwell's organization of the New Model, and a logical analysis of those actions in which he had a personal share. Basing his arguments upon his own clear deductions then, Colonel Baldock credits Cromwell's victories almost solely to his ability as an organizer and tactician:

a conclusion quite new to readers of the civil war historical period. Without exception, the political historians of the times lay stress upon the religious enthusiasm of the New Model as the cause of victories, in which Cromwell's indirect share is due to his discovery of the fanatically religious soldier. To this, Colonel Baldock says: "Stern fanatics as were his troopers, their victories were won, not by superior enthusiasm, but by superior organization and military training." In support of this, it is shown that Cromwell's discipline was extreme, that his understanding of correct tactical principles was far beyond that of any other man of his time, and that the distinct advance made in the efficiency of the cavalry arm of the service during the civil war was due entirely to the military genius of its commander-in-chief. The period was, in fact, one in which the art of warfare was rapidly changing. The professional soldier was disappearing before the citizen warrior—a patriot who desired the end of the war rather than to prolong it. Thus the age of manœuvres and of sieges was succeeded by the sharp attack and the decisive victory. In this renaissance period of the art of war, the author regards Cromwell as the best exponent of the new method, and indeed as an innovator whose real genius in war explained his wonderful successes. The reader is indebted to Colonel Baldock's work for refreshing light upon the character as well as the achievements of the master spirit of the Commonwealth. He learns not alone to appreciate and admire the military sagacity of the general, but he cannot help an added enthusiasm for the man, whose real greatness in war shows a breadth of mind which makes him the less a bigot in religion.

*Early
English
life.*

The charm of bygone manners and customs, bygone superstitions, bygone imaginings, and bygone ideals, makes a great deal of the pleasure to be had from Mr. Clyde Furst's little volume, "A Group of Old Authors" (George W. Jacobs & Co.). The five separate studies, used before publication as popular lectures, concern themselves with John Donne, the mediæval story of Griselda, the voyages of St. Brendan and Maelduin, Aldhelm, and the Beowulf. In the first, the author essays the difficult task of making his readers realize the poetic qualities of the verse of a man of whom the world knows little, many-sided genius though he was. Donne the man was a stronger figure than Donne the poet, and our author's appreciative study does not make our interest in his verse more than merely intellectual. The second of the articles is a brief retelling of the tenth story of the "Decameron," the clerk's tale from Chaucer, followed by an account of the various other forms which the story took in the Middle Ages. Both Tennyson and Matthew Arnold made use of the material of which the next study treats, and the legend is of peculiar interest, both because of its spread in different forms among European peoples, and because of the human feeling of which

it is an expression. It is a story of miraculous adventures met with in the search for fabled islands of the western seas, symbols of those things toward which man's aspiration looks with eternal longing. Though they have clearly come from some such place, these little studies are all of them free from any unpleasant suggestions of the scholar's work-room. They will not, perhaps, have a very large audience, but so much of the glow and color of old times is in them that they might well have. The Beowulf story, told in simple nineteenth century prose, should interest anyone, and the time is coming when the legends and myths of our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors will be of equal importance in our eyes with those of Greece and Rome. Mr. Furst's volume is in part an attempt to popularize them, and, while dealing with facts and so marshalling them as to prepare for scholarly conclusions from them, he has been concerned mainly to entertain his readers with some things well worth knowing. The book should while away a pleasant hour or two, and leave the reader a little richer in love and lore of old-time poesy and story.

*An argument
for abandoning
American ideals.*

Though not disguising in the least the fact that the only reason the United States can find for departing from its old traditions is a mercenary one, Professor Charles Waldstein's volume on "The Expansion of Western Ideals" (John Lane) is a labored attempt to justify aggression and conquest under the plea that the time has come for us to be like Great Britain in colonizing localities remote from our own national domain. To do this, he is compelled to ignore the fact that this country is a democracy, and that it has domestic problems of the gravest moment wholly unsolved at home, just as he ignores the dealings of white Americans through our history with the Indian, the Negro, and the Alaskan native. In exchange for our policy of unentangled peace, he offers the glittering bauble of an alliance with Great Britain, and a "world's peace" of which we and our new allies are to be the self-constituted guardians. If we fail to do this, we are warned that we shall be shut out of the world's commerce in after years,—nothing being said of the shutting of ourselves from the world's commerce during a long generation. There are but two forces on the earth, Professor Waldstein avers, the British and the Russians; and the time is at hand when we, like the Bezonian, must array ourselves under one king or the other,—must "speak, or die!" It need hardly be said that nothing more is promised us than increased commerce, except the possibility of our colonial administration becoming so excellent that it will drive us at home to better government—the lesson of the Reconstruction era in the South and the recent letting down of the civil service being ignored. Finally, it is to be distinctly understood from the entire book that the "expansion" to which the writer would see our "western ideals" subjected is the laying off all American ideals and

substituting for them a complete suit of the British ideals to which his long residence in an English university has accustomed him.

*Intimate letters of
Sidney Lanier.*

The "Letters of Sidney Lanier" (Scribner) are arranged in four groups, one on musical topics, written to his wife, and the remainder the result of three literary friendships. Most of the letters have been printed in various magazine articles, but have never before appeared as a collection. They furnish data of Lanier's life between 1866 and 1881, and evince its cheerfulness in the midst of depressing surroundings, and its exquisite response to the best in music and in art. The letters to his wife reveal the inmost man, as the others do the inner. As the series of letters comprising his correspondence with Mr. Peacock progresses, one reads the story—too brief, indeed—of a friend who could never have been disappointing to his earliest avowed appreciator, as also it is plain that Mr. Peacock was no disappointment to him. Lanier the man shows larger than Lanier the poet: his delicate sympathy and fine nobility of character are here clearly cut as in silhouette. The letters bear witness to Lanier's gratitude for worthy suggestions, social opportunity, and the friendship of other poets,—blessings brought within his reach by the generous critic-editor. The third section of the book gives letters that passed between Bayard Taylor and Lanier; and if the reader here feels that the younger poet was giving more, in the mutual giving, than his older world-worn friend, the wealth of friendship and tender solicitude with which Lanier was endowed appear all the more clearly. The last group comprises letters to Paul Hamilton Hayne, illustrating the warm feeling between the two poets, together with Lanier's detailed criticism and praise of Hayne's verses, and containing the interesting avowal that music, not poetry, was the main interest of Lanier's life. Sad as were the external facts of Lanier's existence,—involving poverty, ill health, and anxiety,—and unreconciled to his early death as many lovers of his work must be, one cannot but feel, while reading the record these letters give, that here was a man who conquered, who passed out of life a victor.

*A comparative
study of
Jane Austen.*

In a little volume of delightful interest, "Jane Austen, Her Contemporaries and Herself" (Longmans), Mr. Walter Herries Pollock talks sympathetically of Jane Austen, the woman and her art, considered with reference to the work of Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Ferrier. The book is a piece of discriminating and careful criticism, written in an easy conversational vein that only occasionally loses its sparkle by a parenthetical or other slipshod expression. Perhaps few of us have so great an interest in Jane Austen as our author fancies, and perhaps, in spite of Scott's encomiums and Macaulay's praise, she is not quite so near to Shakespeare as he would have us believe. It is true that more

art is required for the portraying of commonplace characters than for the delineation of striking individualities; but, granting that Miss Austen's characters are at once commonplace and well-painted, must it not occur to the critic, even in this age of realism, that an author who presents only people already familiar to us is lacking in artistic judgment? Prose fiction is of interest to us because it appeals to our emotions; but it should also enlarge our experience both of persons and places. Modern readers are not content to find pleasure in a novel by reason of their ability to verify the characters through their own memories as they go along. It is refreshing, however, to have Mr. Pollock's assurance that Miss Austen's figures were never photographic reproductions, for we are a little tired of the camera, and are glad to be reminded that in the days of "Pride and Prejudice" the snap-shot was unknown. All in all, the book is pleasantly written, presents fairly the artistic qualities of Miss Austen's work without ignoring her limitations, and adds some very pertinent comment on the relation of her writings to those of her contemporaries.

*An expounder
of the poetry
of Emerson.*

The recent publication of Mr. Joel Benton's "In the Poe Circle" has brought again into notice his two essays on "Emerson as a Poet," originally published in 1882, and now reissued (Mansfield & Wessels), with the useful selected bibliography brought up to date, and with the partial concordance by Mr. Kennedy. The undertaking to extend the circle of the readers of Emerson's poetry is commendable, and such critical judgments as the following, permeated with the writer's enthusiasm and illustrated with liberal quotation from the poems, may well have this result. Emerson, like Browning, says the critic, is obscure, but his dimness "seems more directly a necessary incident, and less an invention." "May he not at least be placed along with Browning?" The admirer cannot furnish the indifferent with the seeing eye and the hearing ear, needed to appreciate justly "the most pure, ærial and divinely souled poetry since Shakespeare's music became measured and still." Mr. Benton defends Emerson's alleged technical deficiency, finding beauties where others see flaws. Though of Oriental content, this poetry is essentially Northern and Gothic, and is marked by high majesty and solemnity, even by religious sanctity. There is "a constant relation to the breadth of some endless horizon." The reader need not agree with every dictum of Mr. Benton's; but if he takes Emerson's poems from their shelf to read them anew, the critic will have proved his inspiration.

*More of the
celebration
of Poe.*

The way of the world is to atone for past injustice to genius by raising in after generations an altar bearing the name of the unappreciated one, who now is exalted to god-like proportions. Poe's fame is just now experiencing a season of deification. Since the

celebration at the University of Virginia of the semi-centennial of the poet's death, nothing is too good to be said of him, even though some of the saying is ill-judged. Unless the search for exact truth which is the distinguishing mark of the present age shall disappear, we may hope some day to possess a wholly accurate as well as wholly sympathetic biography of this cloud-enshrouded contemporary, and also (although already Mr. Stedman has largely furnished this) an estimate of his work which, while sacrificing nothing of the enthusiasm due to native ability, shall at the same time shun unqualified laudation. Meanwhile we must put up with essay-writing that proceeds as if, once for all, a man had been found without human limitations. Perhaps it is hardly fair thus to introduce Mr. Henry Austin's historical and critical commentary, accompanying three volumes of the "Raven" edition of Poe's selected tales (Fenno). And yet under these comments lies the assumption, which rears its head high on occasion, that when all is said there is no other writer, certainly no other writer of his time, worthy of comparison with him who was at the same time a Baltimorean and "a Bostonian." One suspects the breadth of such a critic's reading, as one is made certain of the carelessness of the critic's style, despite his facility in making a telling phrase. The historical setting of the tales is given with frequent suggestiveness, and, after all, pardon should be ready for the fault of loving too much.

*Poe's psychology
as studied in
his poetry.*

Professor J. P. Fruit has read and re-read the whole of Poe's poetry, together with what principles of poetic criticism Poe himself has enunciated. He has also consulted masters of the critic's art like Pater and Coleridge. He has intended to absorb the whole of Poe's poetic spirit, and for the time being declares that he has shut out all rival authors. If it is indeed sufficient to record subjective impressions, then the author of "The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry" (Barnes) has performed his duty, even if he has left something to be desired in definiteness of impression and, occasionally, in judicial discrimination. Surely few would agree that "The Bells" is Poe's most nearly perfect poem. In the first part of his book Professor Fruit traces the development of Poe's mind in his poetry, which, he thinks, is marked by the following stages: First was the aim to interest the reader in himself as an ill-fated young man of genius, a Platonist yet a pessimist. Then the poet devoted himself to beauty, in distrust of the scientific spirit. Next, poetry itself was the chief object of his thought; and thus, having become a conscious artist, he produced his consummate poem by a chosen method — the onomatopoeic. The second part of the book follows the poems chronologically once more, with the purpose of showing Poe's gradual gain in his art, involving a *penchant* for allegory, until "The Raven," a masterpiece, is followed by a succession of master-strokes, and again "The Bells" crowns

the whole poetic edifice as its capstone. There are interesting critical suggestions throughout, and the poems are usually placed in their appropriate biographical setting.

Col. Higginson's sketches of his contemporaries.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson is at his happiest in writing of "Contemporaries" (Houghton). From an intimate personal knowledge, he gives us pen-pictures of Emerson, Alcott, Parker, Sumner, Phillips, Grant, and others of the illustrious generation of which he is himself one of the younger members and of whom so few now remain. Delightful as present-day reading, these sketches will be of even more value in the future, when the historian gathers up his material for a perspective view of the century now closing. His enthusiasm for his great contemporaries is always tempered with discrimination and a sense of proportion; he is able to set their talents and their limitations frankly side by side, and to show the mission and the message which distinguished each. The two concluding sketches of these nineteen are of more general nature — "The Eccentricities of Reformers" and "The Road to England" — but they are quite worthy of the company in which they appear.

How general ideas evolve.

Professor Th. Ribot's "Evolution of General Ideas" (Open Court Publishing Co.) is an interesting, stimulating little book, and shows its author's customary clearness of exposition, though sometimes tending toward over-simplification. Professor Ribot studies herein general ideas as displayed before words by animals, children, deaf-mutes, and in gesture language; he discusses the origin of speech, and treats the development of the principal concepts — namely, number, space, time, cause, law, species. His original contribution to the subject is the account of some experiments to determine what passes in the mind when general terms are pronounced and understood — the author finding that with one class of minds such a word as "law" evokes the image of a court; in another class, the image of the printed word; in another, the image of the spoken word; while in another, nothing appears in the mind. In short, this is an interesting and instructive essay, and well within the capacity of the general reader.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The plays of Edwin Booth, Shakespearian and miscellaneous, edited from the actor's prompt-books by Mr. William Winter, occupy three volumes which have just been put forth by the Penn Publishing Co. The Shakespearian plays are eleven in number, and make up two of the volumes. The third contains "Richelieu," "The Fool's Revenge," "Brutus," "Ruy Blas," and "Don César de Bazan." These sixteen plays constituted Mr. Booth's customary repertoire, although he occasionally produced a number of others. In fact, "The Lady of Lyons" and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" seem to belong in such a collection as this.

The increased attention given of late to cryptogrammic botany in this country is once more signalized by the simultaneous appearance of two volumes devoted to the Myxomycetes and their allies. Professor L. M. Underwood's volume, entitled "Moulds, Mildews, and Mushrooms" (Holt), is the wider in scope, and designed for the more elementary, and even popular audience. It is a systematic manual, and affords an excellent introduction to the subject. Professor T. H. MacBride's volume, called "The North American Slime-Moulds" (Macmillan) is a monograph of a higher and even more specialized sort, and covers the American Myxomycetes more completely than any other existing work. It has a number of handsomely-executed plates, and is altogether creditable to both author and publishers.

Professor John Lesslie Hall has followed up his translation of "Beowulf" with a volume of "Old English Idyls" (Ginn), in which the most striking episodes of the history of Saxon England are related in alliterative unrhymed verse. "I have," says the author, "assumed the rôle of an English gleeman of about A. D. 1000, and have sought to reproduce to some extent the spirit, the metre, and the leading characteristics of Old English verse." These idyls deal with such subjects as Hengist and Horsa, Cerdic and Arthur, the coming of Augustine, and the deeds of Alfred. The author's experiment seems to us singularly successful, and students of early English history and literature alike should be grateful to him for his undertaking.

Mr. Horace White, the veteran journalist, has beguiled the spare hours of his later years by preparing a translation of "The Roman History of Appian of Alexandria" (Macmillan), which is published in two handsome volumes. Since the work is indispensable for the study of Roman history, and the last preceding English translation was made more than two centuries ago, the justification for Mr. White's work is apparent. While this version is, in a sense, the work of an amateur, it has been conscientiously made, and has occupied the translator for five years. It has, moreover, had the benefit of revision at the hands of a professional classical scholar, so that no doubt need be harbored concerning its accuracy.

Recent English texts for school use include the following: "Selections from Landor" (Holt), edited by Professor A. G. Newcomer; Shakespeare's "Macbeth" (Holt), edited by Professor L. A. Sherman; "Representative Poems of Robert Burns" (Ginn), edited by Mr. Charles Lane Hanson; George Eliot's "Silas Marner" (Heath), edited by Dr. G. A. Wauchope; four books of Pope's Homer (Sanborn), edited by Mr. Philip Gentner; "The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" (Appleton), edited by Professors F. T. Baker and Richard Jones; "Milton's Shorter Poems and Sonnets" (Appleton), edited by Mr. Frederick D. Nichols; and Chaucer's "Prologue, Knight's Tale, and Nun's Priest's Tale" (Houghton), edited by Dr. Frank Jewett Mather, and forming two numbers of the "Riverside Literature Series."

The chafing-dish having come to play so prominent a part in modern social functions, a liberal repertory of feasible dishes is highly desirable. Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill's book of "Salads, Sandwiches, and Chafing-dish Dainties" (Little, Brown, & Co.) gives many original dishes, thirty-two with illustrations. The very attractive form of the book fits it to go along with the pretty adjuncts of the chafing-dish supper.

NOTES.

A translation of the "Thaetetus" of Plato, with an elaborate introduction, the work of Dr. S. W. Dyde, is published by the Macmillan Co.

A novel by Mr. Nelson Lloyd of the New York "Sun," entitled "The Chronic Loafer," will be published shortly by Messrs J. F. Taylor & Co.

Mr. R. H. Russell is the publisher of a "Maude Adams" acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet." The drawings which illustrate this volume are both numerous and charming.

Two interesting announcements in the "American Statesmen Series" (Houghton) are volumes on Charles Francis Adams, by his son, and Charles Sumner, by Mr. Moorfield Storey.

The selling record of Mr. Ford's "Janice Meredith" is one of the most remarkable of recent years, the book having been published but three months and the editions reaching 200,000 copies.

Two addresses on Walt Whitman, originally delivered before the Ethical Society by Mr. W. M. Salter, are now put together into a booklet bearing the imprint of Mr. S. Burna Weston, Philadelphia.

"Nature Pictures by American Poets" (Macmillan), edited by Mrs. Annie Russell Marble, and "The Poetry of American Wit and Humor" (Page), edited by Mr. R. L. Paget, are two recently-published anthologies.

"On the Theory and Practice of Art-Enamelling upon Metals," by Mr. Henry Cunyngame, is published by the Macmillan Co. It is a practical treatise upon a subject that has been in much need of such a manual.

"Scribner's Magazine" for February will contain a description of "Ik Marvel's" life at "Edgewood," by Mr. A. R. Kimball, and the frontispiece of the number will be a drawing of the veteran author reproduced in color.

The remarkable collection of original sketches and rare prints now being used for illustrating the life of Cromwell in "The Century Magazine" have been put on exhibition at Brentano's Chicago store, 218 Wabash avenue.

Volumes VIII. and IX. of the "Eversley" Shakespeare, edited by Professor C. H. Herford, bring that most acceptable edition within one number of its completion. The Macmillan Co., we need hardly add, are the publishers of this work.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. announce the first American edition in the original tongue of Hauptmann's "Die Versunkene Glocke," edited by Dr. T. S. Baker. The firm also states that the 36th edition of "The Honorable Peter Stirling" has just been put to press.

Professor Frank Moore Colby's "Outlines of General History," published by the American Book Co., is the latest candidate for the favor of teachers who have charge of this subject. It is a text-book of the modern scholarly type, interestingly written, and mechanically attractive.

A very convenient book of general reference, of pocketable dimensions, is the "Twentieth Century Handy Cyclopaedia Britannica," published by Messrs. Laird & Lee. It is a volume of between four hundred and five hundred pages, thumb-indexed, with maps and other illustrations.

"Wotan, Siegfried, and Brünnhilde," by Miss Anna Alice Chapin (Harper), is a third volume in this writer's series of expositions of Wagner for young people. The

three character-studies are intelligently done, in simple language (a little too high-flown here and there), and has illustrations in musical notation.

"John Selden and his Table Talk," by Mr. Robert Waters, is the title of a volume recently published by Messrs. Eaton & Mains. About one-fourth of this pleasant little book is the author's own; the major portion being given up to the genial seventeenth century scholar with whom the work is concerned.

"Illustrations of Logic," by Mr. Paul T. Lafleur, is a recent publication of Messrs. Ginn & Co. It is a small volume, containing three hundred brief extracts from general literature which are peculiarly susceptible of logical analysis, and, as such, provide the most helpful sort of material for teachers of the subject.

An accurate and well-printed map of Paris, designed to meet the requirements of the American tourist, is published by Messrs. Laird & Lee. The cloth case into which the map is folded contains also a booklet giving a complete list of thoroughfares, public buildings, transportation lines, and all points of interest to the traveller.

"Twelve English Poets," from Chaucer to Tennyson, are exhibited by Miss Blanche Wilder Bellamy in a recently published volume (Ginn). Each part has a brief sketch and a rather voluminous series of extracts. The purpose of the book is "to show to young readers what has been the direct line of descent of English poetry."

"The Temple Treasury" (Dutton), in two volumes, is "a Biblical diary compiled with references." This means that for each day of the year there are two selections, representing the Old and New Testaments respectively, and that marginal indications direct the reader to cognate passages found elsewhere in the Scriptures. The Dent imprint upon these volumes is a warrant for their tastefulness.

"The Family of the Sun" (Appleton) is a book of astronomy for children, by Professor E. S. Holden. It offers an excellent account of the solar system in simple language. The same author has just published, in the "American Science Series" (Holt), an "Elementary Astronomy," which is condensed from the larger work in the same series written some years ago in collaboration with Professor Simon Newcomb.

The committee of which Professor Charles Eliot Norton is chairman has purchased the library of Romance literature once owned by James Russell Lowell, containing more than 700 volumes, and the collection will be taken from Elmwood to the Harvard University Library, where it will be known as the Lowell Memorial Library of Romance Literature. The funds to purchase the books were subscribed in answer to an appeal made last February.

Few Americans of the elder generation will fail to recall the song of "The Rain on the Roof," one of the most popular pieces of song-verse ever produced in this country. Its author, Col. Coates Kinney, has recently included this and other familiar pieces in a volume of verse issued by Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co., under the title "Mists of Fire." Old readers as well as new ones will be glad to have this tasteful souvenir of a veteran and popular writer.

"A Guide to the Operas," by Miss Esther Singleton (Dodd), gives descriptions of twenty-nine works by twelve composers. The descriptions are something more than the meagre outlines of plot usually given in such works as this, and embody many intelligent hints for

the musical comprehension of the works considered. The selection is at least practical, for it keeps close to the familiar Grau repertoire, and the illustrations are, appropriately enough, costumed portraits of the singers with whom the public is best acquainted.

"A Syllabus of Psychology," by Dr. James H. Hyllop, and "A Syllabus of an Introduction to Philosophy," by Dr. Walter T. Marvin, are recent publications of Columbia University. While prepared for the use of college classes, these syllabi are of wider interest, presenting, as they do, a conspectus of the two subjects concerned in such a way as to prove helpful to the general reader. This statement is particularly true of Dr. Marvin's work, which is more than a syllabus, strictly speaking, and has some of the characteristics of a treatise upon its subject.

The latest addition to the "Temple Classics" offers a new and welcome departure from what have hitherto been the limitations of the series. It is a translation, by Mrs. Muriel Press, of the "Laxdale Saga," and other sagas are promised if the success of this one shall warrant the undertaking. Since the death of William Morris cut short the comprehensive "Saga Library" upon which he was engaged, we trust that the work of popularizing these Icelandic masterpieces may be carried on by the editor of the present series. One has only to acquire a taste for this sort of reading to want as much of it as he can get.

We hardly think of Matthew Arnold as a poet especially in need of the services of the illustrator, but the volume of "Poems by Matthew Arnold" (Lane) for which Mr. Henry Osipov has made a series of drawings, and for which Mr. A. C. Benson has written a critical introduction, is a pleasant book to have, and we will not quarrel with its idea. The selection of poems is such that a pictorial accompaniment is not forced, although Arnold would doubtless experience a feeling of mild surprise could he view the types of character and imaginative construction that his poems have suggested to the artist of the present volume.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 93 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day. By Clement Scott. In 2 vols., illus., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan Co. \$8.
- Salmon Portland Chase. By Albert Bushnell Hart. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 465. "American Statesmen." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- Sir Walter Scott. By James Hay. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 312. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.
- Men and Things I Saw in Civil War Days. By James F. Rusling, A.M. With portraits, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 411. Eaton & Mains. \$2.50.
- Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of England: A Contribution to the Religious, Political, and Intellectual History of the Thirteenth Century. By Francis Seymour Stevenson, M.P. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 348. Macmillan Co. \$4.
- Rajah Brooke: The Englishman as Ruler of an Eastern State. By Sir Spenser St. John, G.C.M.G. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 302. "Builders of Greater Britain." Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50.
- Elizabeth Pease Nichol. By Anna M. Stoddart. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 314. "Sainly Lives." E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.
- Personal Reminiscences of the Anti-Slavery and Other Reforms and Reformers. By Aaron M. Powell. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 279. Plainfield, N.J.: Anna Rice Powell.

Thomas Campbell. By J. Cuthbert Hadden. 12mo, pp. 158. "Famous Scots." Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cts.

HISTORY.

A History of American Privateers. By Edgar Stanton MacLay, A.M. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 519. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.50.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Johnson Club Papers. By various hands. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 276. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.
- The World's Orators: Comprising the Great Orations of the World's History. Edited by Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D. Vol. I. Orators of Ancient Greece. With photogravure portraits, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 366. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50. (Sold only by subscription.)
- Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām: A Rendering in English Verse of One Hundred Quatrains. By Elizabeth Alden Curtis; with Introduction by Richard Burton. 12mo, uncut, pp. 72. Gouverneur, N. Y.: Brothers of the Book. \$1.
- Critical Confessions. By Neal Brown. 8vo, uncut, pp. 245. Wausau, Wis.: The Philosopher Press. \$1.50.
- The Wider View: A Search for Truth. Collected and edited by John Monroe Dana. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 261. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
- Publishing a Book: Being a Few Practical Hints to Authors. By Charles Welsh. 18mo, uncut, pp. 45. D. C. Heath & Co. Paper. 50 cts.
- The Cipher in the Plays, and on the Tombstone. By Ignatius Donnelly. 12mo, pp. 372. Minneapolis: Verulam Publishing Co.
- Life. By John Rankin Rogers. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 149. San Francisco: Whitaker & Ray Co.
- Of Making One's Self Beautiful. By William C. Gannett. 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 131. Boston: James H. West Co. 50 cts.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- Works of Thomas Carlyle, "Centenary" edition. Concluding volume: Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, Vol. V. With portraits, 8vo, uncut, pp. 386. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- Cassell's National Library. New vols.: Browne's Religio Medici, Dickens's A Christmas Carol and The Chimes, Bunyan's Grace Abounding, Milton's Paradise Lost (2 vols.), Cowper's The Task and other poems, Milton's Earliest Poems, and Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, Twelfth-Night, The Tempest, King Richard II., and King Lear. Each 32mo. Cassell & Co., Ltd. Per vol., 10c.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

- Moods, and Other Verses. By Edward Robeson Taylor. Large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 209. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard. \$1.25.
- Christus Victor: A Student's Reverie. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. 24mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 186. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- Old Hollyhocks, and Other Poems and Recitations. By Horace G. Williamson. 16mo, pp. 57. Cincinnati: George C. Shaw. \$1.
- Swarthmore Idylls. By John Russell Hayes. Illus., 8vo, pp. 59. Wilmington, Del.: John M. Rogers Press. 75 cts.
- Some Homely Little Songs. By Alfred James Waterhouse. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 176. San Francisco: Whitaker & Ray Co.
- Beauty on Ice. By John Erb. 12mo, pp. 125. J. S. Ogilvie Pub'g Co. Paper, 25 cts.

FICTION.

- The Knights of the Cross. By Henryk Sienkiewicz; authorized and unabridged translation from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. First half; 12mo, pp. 412. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.
- The White Terror: A Romance of the French Revolution and After. By Félix Gras; trans. from the Provençal by Catharine A. Janvier. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 437. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- Idylls of the Lawn: Stories by Undergraduates of the University of Virginia. Illus. in photogravure, etc., by Duncan Smith, M.A.; with Preface by Charles W. Kent, Ph.D. 18mo, uncut, pp. 130. Roanoke, Va.: Stone Printing & Mfg. Co. \$1.60.

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 The Bond of Black. By William Le Queux. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 282. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
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 Steam-Engine Theory and Practice. By William Ripper. Illus., 8vo, pp. 398. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.50.
 The Birds of Eastern North America. By Charles B. Cory. In 2 parts, illus., 8vo, pp. 387. Chicago: Field Columbian Museum.
 Minnesota Plant Life. By Conway MacMillan. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, pp. 568. St. Paul: Published by the author.
 The Five Windows of the Soul; or, Thoughts on Perceiving. By E. H. Aitken. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 257. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.
 The Iron Star and What It Saw on Its Journey through the Ages. By John Preston True. Illus., 12mo, pp. 146. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
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 American Art Annual, Supplement for 1899. Edited by Florence N. Levy. Large 8vo, pp. 90. New York: Art Interchange Co. Paper.

EDUCATION.—BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1897-98. Volume I., containing Part I. Illus., 8vo, pp. 1280. Government Printing Office.
 Elementary Astronomy: A Beginner's Text-Book. By Edward S. Holden, M.A. Illus., 12mo, pp. 446. "American Science Series." Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.
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 The 20th Century Handy Cyclopaedia Britannica. By Albert B. Chambers, Ph.D. Illus., 24mo, pp. 900. Laird & Lee. 50 cts.; leather, full gilt, indexed, \$1.
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